Iailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the ſolemnity
Is paſt; But have you a full promiſe of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that ſhall be ſeene, I tender my conſent.
Wooer. I have Sir; here ſhee comes.
Iailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old buſines: But no more of that.
Now, ſo ſoone as the Court hurry is over, we will
Have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Priſoners. I can tell you they are princes.
Daug. Theſe ſtrewings are for their Chamber; tis pitty they
Are in priſon, and twer pitty they ſhould be out: I
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adverſity
Aſham'd; the priſon it ſelfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.
Iailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of abſolute men.
Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but ſtammers 'em, they
Stand a greiſe above the reach of report. (doers.
Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only
Daugh. Nay moſt likely, for they are noble ſuffrers; I
Mervaile how they would have lookd had they beene
Victors, that with ſuch a conſtant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making miſery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jeſt at.
Iailor. Doe they ſo?
Daug. It ſeemes to me they have no more ſence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate
Well, looke merrily, diſcourſe of many things,
But nothing of their owne reſtraint, and diſaſters:
Yet ſometime a devided ſigh, martyrd as twer
I'th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other preſently gives it ſo ſweete a rebuke,
That I could wiſh my ſelfe a Sigh to be ſo chid,
Or at leaſt a Sigher to be comforted.
Wooer. I never ſaw 'em.
Iailor. The Duke himſelfe came privately in the night,

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

And ſo did they, what the reaſon of it is, I
Know not: Looke yonder they are; that's
Arcite lookes out.
Daugh. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twaine; you may perceive a part
Of him.
Iai. Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their ſight.
Daugh. It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the
Diffrence of men. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in priſon.*

Pal. How doe you Noble Coſen?
Arcite. How doe you Sir?
Pal. Why ſtrong inough to laugh at miſery,
And beare the chance of warre yet, we are priſoners
I feare for ever Coſen.
Arcite. I beleeve it,
And to that deſtiny have patiently
Laide up my houre to come.
Pal. Oh Coſen *Arcite*,
Where is Thebs now? where is our noble Country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
Muſt we behold thoſe comforts, never ſee
The hardy youthes ſtrive for the Games of honour
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)
Like tall Ships under ſaile: then ſtart among'ſt 'em
And as an Eaſtwind leave 'em all behinde us,
Like lazy Clowdes, whilſt *Palamon* and *Arcite*,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
Out-ſtript the peoples praiſes, won the Garlands,
Ere they have time to wiſh 'em ours. O never
Shall we two exerciſe, like Twyns of honour,
Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry horſes
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)
Braviſhd our ſides, like age muſt run to ruſt,
And decke the Temples of thoſe gods that hate us,